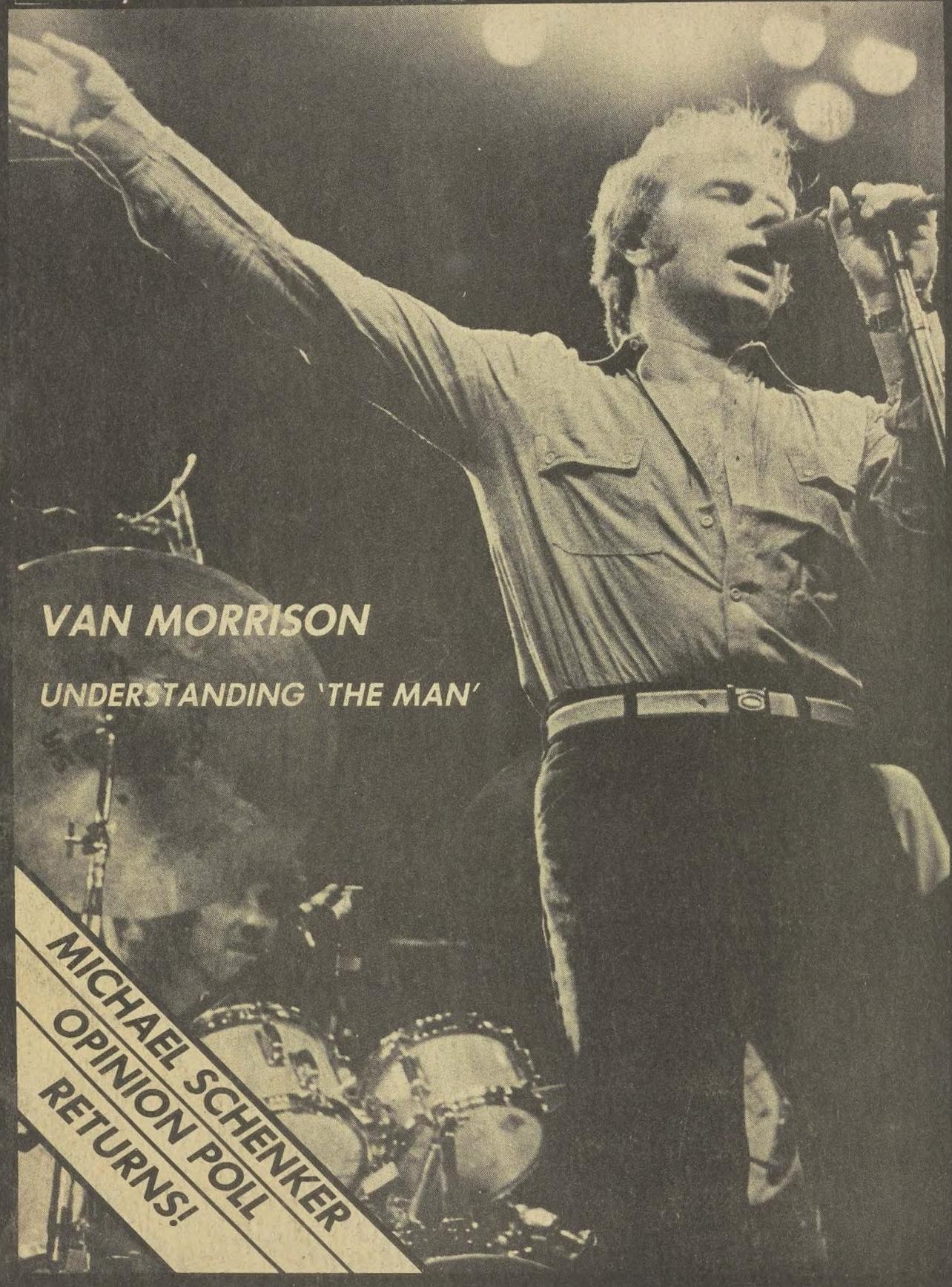


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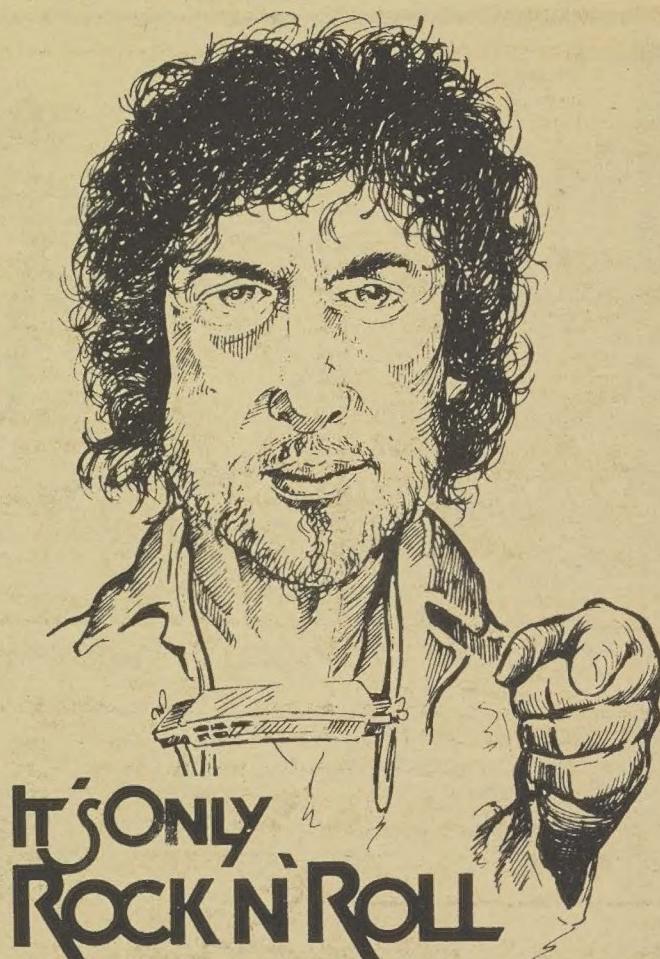
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ROCK OF AGES

February 1

Don Everly born in Brownie, Kentucky in 1937. Together with brother Phil as The Everly Brothers, they were one of the most important acts in early rock'n'roll. Their harmony style was a large influence on The Beatles. They had many hits in their career, which ended in '73, including "Wake Up Little Suzie," "Cathy Clown" and "When Will I Be Loved."

February 3

Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and The Big Bopper die in an air crash in 1959.

Dave Davies of The Kinks, younger brother of Ray, born in Muswell Hill, England in 1947.

February 5

Bob Marley born in Jamaica in 1945. He formed The Wailers in 1964 and by '66 they were the leaders of the Ska music scene. By 1974 he had become the first Rastafarian Reggae superstar.

February 8

James Dean born in 1931. Archetypal symbol of rebel youth. He starred in only three films, "East of Eden", "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant".

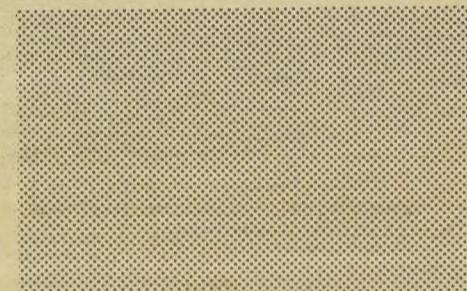
February 9

Carole King born in 1941 in Brooklyn. Together with Jerry Goffin she wrote many of the hits of the early Sixties like, "Up On The Roof" and "One Fine Day". Later her own solo album "Tapestry" became one of the three best selling Lps of all time.



February 26

Antoine "Fats" Domino born in New Orleans in 1928. He's sold more than sixty million records. Among his classics are "Blueberry Hill", "Blue Monday", and "Walking to New Orleans."



February 11

Gene Vincent born in Norfolk, Virginia in 1935. Originally signed by Capitol Records as an answer to Elvis Presley and his career was launched in 1957 with "Be Bop A Lula".

February 12

Ray Manzarek, of the Doors, born in Chicago in 1935. The Doors formed in 1965 when Ray met Jim Morrison in the film department of UCLA.

February 18

Yoko Ono Lennon born in Tokyo, Japan in 1934. Her family sent her to study composition in the USA. During the early sixties she was involved with the "Fluxus" group of experimental artists, film-makers and composers. She married John Lennon in 1969. They had a son, Sean, in 1975.

February 23

Johnny Winter born in Beaumont, TX in 1944. One of the best white bluesmen alive.

February 25

George Harrison born in Liverpool, in 1943. Lead guitarist for The Beatles brought in by Paul McCartney.

February 28

Brian Jones born in Cheltenham, England, in 1942. The Rolling Stones were his original concept and lost a vital element when he died.

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(Cover Photo by Robbin Cresswell)

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★ Van Morrison is the beautiful enigma in rock'n'roll's wasteland and his writing is the subject for our feature article. 9

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The Rejects

IN CONCERT

MICHAEL SCHENKER

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VAN MORRISON

JOHN LENNON

HEART OF THE CITY

VINYL HABITS

The first year of a new decade has come and gone and with it your chance to vote in our annual local opinion poll. Those of you who voted may get what you wanted. Those who didn't will get what you deserve. This is our third try at running an opinion poll and while we never expected to get back all 10,000 entry blanks which we print, we didn't get nearly enough to justify running the poll again next year. So, this is our last local opinion poll. May I have the envelope, please?

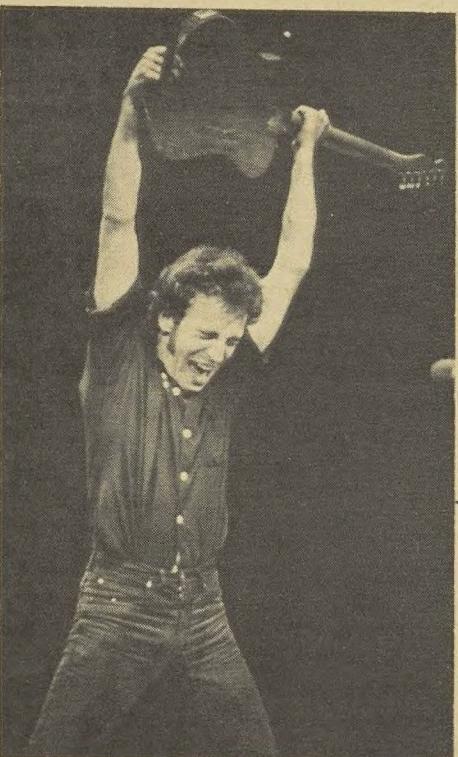
THIRD ANNUAL READER'S OPINION POLL RESULTS



BEST NEW ARTIST or GROUP — 1. Def Leppard
2. Michael Schenker 3. Saxon



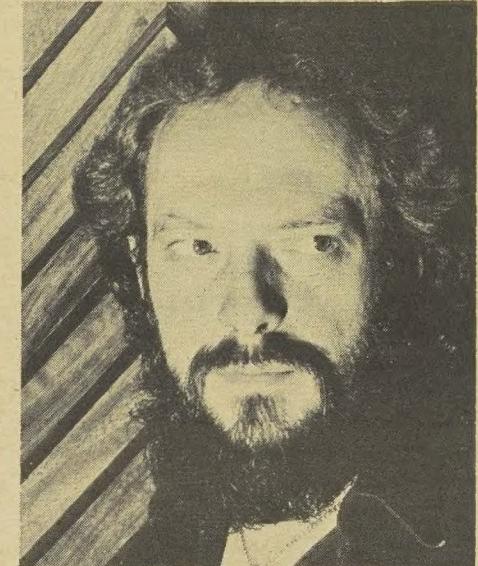
BEST FEMALE ARTIST 1. Pat Benatar 2. Ann Wilson (Heart) 3. (tie) Debbie Harry (Blondie) and Chrissie Hynde (Pretenders)



BEST MALE ARTIST 1. Bruce Springsteen 2. Michael Schenker 3. Ian Anderson



BEST GROUP — 1. AC/DC 2. Judas Priest 3. Scorpions



BEST SONGWRITER 1. Ian Anderson (?) 2. Bruce Springsteen 3. John Lennon



BEST LOCAL GROUP — 1. Dave Lee Band 2. Jumbo 3. Heyoka

BEST SINGLE — "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" /Pat Benatar
BEST ALBUM — "Back In Black" /AC/DC
BEST CONCERT — AC/DC
DISAPPOINTING ALBUM — "Women and Children First" /Van Halen
DISAPPOINTING CONCERT — The Doobie Brothers



STAFF RESULTS

Ron Young — Editor/Publisher
BEST NEW GROUP — Any Trouble
BEST FEMALE ARTIST — Carlene Carter
BEST MALE ARTIST — Elvis Costello
BEST GROUP — The Clash
BEST SONGWRITER — Elvis Costello
BEST LOCAL ACT — Claude Morgan & The Blast/The Skeptiks
BEST ALBUMS — "Empty Glass" — Pete Townshend, "Heart Attack and Vine" — Tom Waits, "Crawfish Fiesta" — Professor Longhair, "London Calling" — The Clash, "Making Movies" — Dire Straits
BEST SINGLES — "Starting Over" — John Lennon, "Poodle In A Microwave" — Mannequin
BEST CONCERT — 999 at Skipwillys
DISAPPOINTING ALBUM — "One Trick Pony" — Paul Simon, "Emotional Rescue" — Rolling Stones

DISAPPOINTING CONCERT — Iggy Pop, Bruce Springsteen
Jeff Webb/Contributing Writer (KRTU's Off-Beat host)
BEST NEW ARTIST or GROUP — Young Marble Giants
BEST FEMALE ARTIST — Chrissie Hynde (Pretenders)
BEST MALE ARTIST — Elvis Costello
BEST GROUP — Joy Division
BEST LOCAL ACT — Skeptiks
BEST CONCERT — Psychedelic Furs (Raul's — Austin)

DISAPPOINTING ALBUM — "The River" — Bruce Springsteen

DISAPPOINTING CONCERT — X (Clubfoot — Austin)

BEST ALBUMS — "London Calling" — The Clash, "Colossal Youth" — Young Marble Giants, "Get Happy!" — Elvis Costello and the Attractions, "Jeopardy" — The Sound, "Closer" — Joy Division
BEST SINGLES — "Better Scream" /Joe-Wah! Heat, "Do You Dream In Colour?" — Bill Nelson

Robbin Cresswell — Chief Photographer

BEST NEW GROUP — The Pretenders
BEST FEMALE ARTIST — Joan Armatrading
BEST MALE ARTIST — Bruce Springsteen
BEST GROUP — Rockpile
BEST LOCAL ACT — Joe "King" Carrasco
BEST SONGWRITER — Pete Townshend
BEST ALBUM — "Empty Glass" — Pete Townshend, "Love Is A Sacrifice" — Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, "Damn The Torpedoes" — Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers
BEST SINGLE — "Turning Japanese" — The Vapors

BEST CONCERT — Paul Simon (Ft. Worth)

DISAPPOINTING ALBUM — "One Trick Pony" — Paul Simon

Clyde Kimsey — Writer/Photographer

BEST NEW ARTIST — The Pretenders
BEST FEMALE — Linda Ronstadt
BEST MALE — Robert Gordon
BEST GROUP — J. Geils Band
BEST LOCAL ACT — The Krayolas
BEST SONGWRITER — Sylvain Sylvain
BEST SINGLE — "Poodle In A Microwave" — Mannequin, "Drivin' My Life Away" — Eddie Rabbit
BEST CONCERT — J. Geils (Austin)
DISAPPOINTING CONCERT — Iggy Pop

DISAPPOINTING ALBUM — Roky Erickson

BEST ALBUMS — "One Step Beyond" — Madness, "Big Smash" — Wreckless Eric, "Rockabilly Rebel" — Matchbox, "Love Stinks" — J. Geils, "Biggest Prize In Sport" — 999

David Arthur — Contributing Writer

BEST NEW GROUP — The Cure

BEST FEMALE — Kate Bush

BEST MALE — Jackson Brown, Peter Gabriel

BEST GROUP — The Cure
BEST LOCAL ACT — Mannequin, Eric Johnson, Rudy Harst

BEST CONCERT — Jackson Browne

DIAPPOINTING ALBUM — "Freedom Of Choice" — Devo

DISAPPOINTING CONCERT — Devo, Talking Heads (Austin)

BEST ALBUMS — "Permanent Waves" — Rush, "Peter Gabriel" — Peter Gabriel, "The River" — Bruce Springsteen, "Vienna" — Ultravox, "Boys Don't Cry" — The Cure

BEST SONGWRITER — Peter Gabriel, Bruce Springsteen

P.S. Good riddance to Joe Anthony!

Wendy Carson — Contributing Writer

BEST NEW ARTIST OR GROUP — Klark Kent

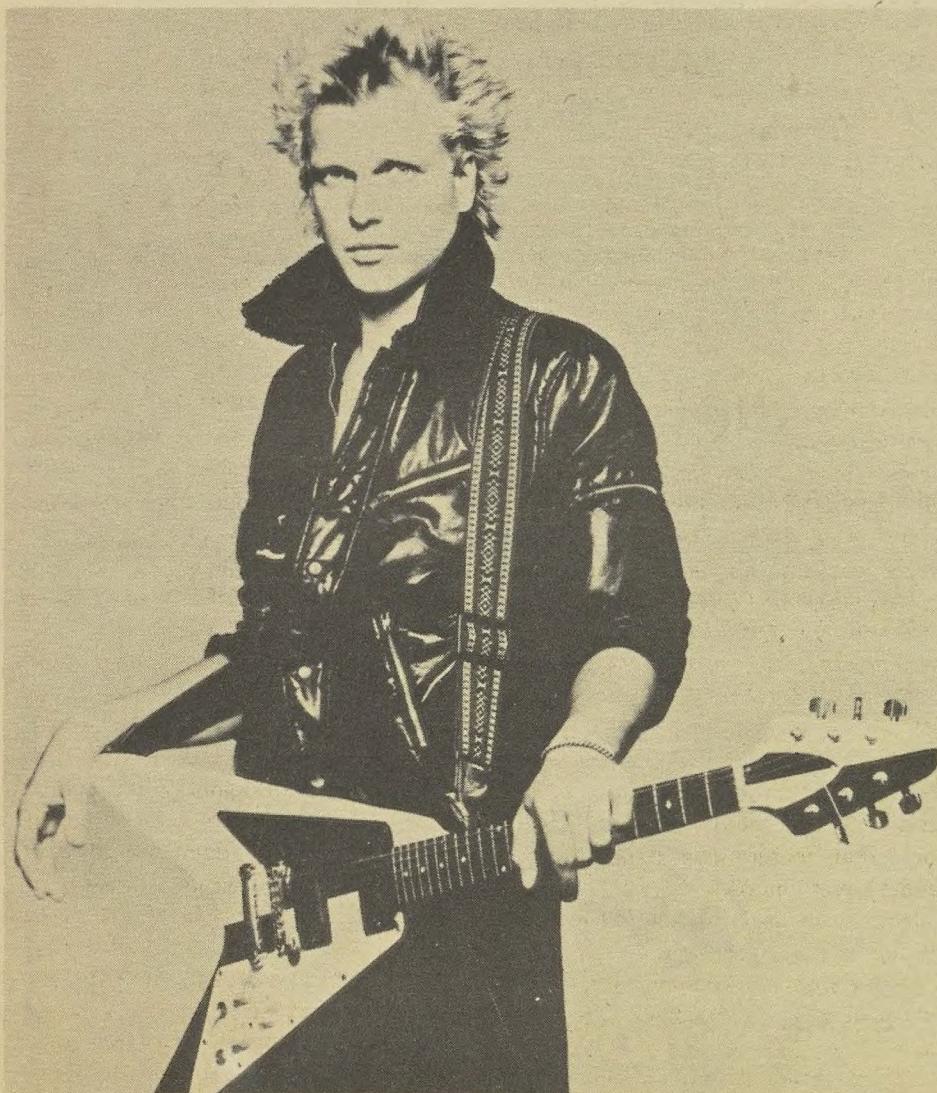
BEST FEMALE ARTIST — Lene Lovich

BEST MALE ARTIST — Robert Palmer; Roger Powell

BEST GROUP — Utopia; XTC

BEST SONGWRITER — Todd Rundgren/Roger Powell; Andy Partridge/Colin Moulding

SCHENKER'S FLYING V SPEAKS FOR HIM



Schenker's a far cry from Chuck Berry.

by David Arthur

Heavy metal guitar players usually come in two forms. One form is the type who like to use a system of special effects whose control panel looks like something out of Star Trek. The other is the "crank it up I'm deaf anyway so what does it matter" type who tries by sheer amplification to make up for mediocrity. Michael Schenker is not in either area. He uses few pedals, unlike Frank Marion's toy train set, and manages to achieve most effects just using his hands and his Flying V guitar.

Schenker was in the Scorpions when that band first formed. He left in 1974 when UFO asked him to take over Mick Bolton's guitar spot. His lead guitar was a major focal point of the group's sound, and the band seemed to be on the verge of making it huge here in America. Then Michael unexpectedly quit. Michael says that the main reason he left were the bad feelings between himself and Phil Mogg, UFO's lead singer. In an exclusive telephone interview from Burbank, Calif., Schenker said in broken English that "The tours were bad for me. The feelings between Phil and me made it so. I started to drink and for me, that is not good. It was not fun."

After leaving UFO in 1978, Schenker rejoined the Scorpions. He said that "although it was nice, being with old friends, I did not like to play other people's songs. After three tours I got unhappy and left." Schenker did stay on long enough to help the group cut their *Lovedrive* LP.

Schenker then went on to make his first solo LP, and form his own group. The band, which includes ex-

UFO keyboardist/guitarist Paul Raymond, and Rainbow drummer Cozy Powell, has been touring the U.S. with Molly Hatchet. Schenker was not altogether pleased with this situation, feeling that "their music is too different from ours. Sometimes the crowds couldn't get into what we were doing. It was not the best possible tour. But this new group is my favorite to play with live."

Schenker likes live gigs only when he is confident of the backing he will receive from the band. "When I was in UFO I would get thrown off because Pete Way (bassist) would show off too much. There was no steady beat. The new band is much better."

Schenker formed his new band in a piecemeal fashion. He first head lead singer Gary Bardens on a demo tape at Chrysalis in London, and having liked it, began to write songs with him. Cozy Powell was approached after his last gig with Rainbow and accepted the offer almost immediately.

Schenker has been playing guitar since the age of nine. At first he listened to other guitarists, but he soon realized that he needed to develop his own style and stopped buying records. The result is a style that is fairly unique and easy to identify.

Schenker's new group is "very big in England. People keep showing me the record charts and we are doing very well. The record is selling well here, too."

After all this time on the heavy metal circuit you think one might get tired, but Michael Schenker keeps on plugging away. And if his future can be judged by his past, the best may very well be yet to come.—RNR

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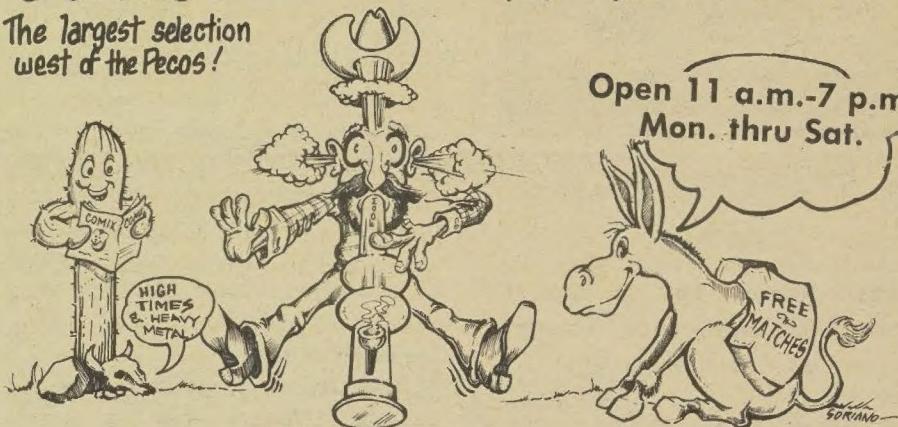
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ROCK DISCOS PROS & CONS



Do ya' wanna dance?

by Clyde Kimsey

Maybe you've heard of rock discos but shrugged them off as the ultimate sell-out. The idea of rock discos is not a contradiction in terms but merely a natural facet of rock'n'roll itself that surprisingly had to make a comeback. Initially the word disco did not describe a type of music but was an abbreviation for discoteque, a place where people danced to pop music on records or "discs" instead of live bands.

The first discos were started in the early Sixties in New York and Philadelphia. They were really the next logical step after the malt shops during the Fifties like Arnold's on *Happy Days*. The second phase came in the early Sixties when "The Twist" was popular. Strobe lights, black lights and other atmospheric effects were first used in the psychedelic rock discos of '66-'69 to simulate a drug experience. Rock'n'roll started out as the ultimate populist form of dance music and between 1955 and 1968 along with pre-'70s soul music it was the most danced-to music.

Then came the "Summer of Love" with hippies who rocked but could not (and did not want to) roll. The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* album and the San Francisco psychedelic bands like Jefferson Airplane and Big Brother and The Holding Co. made rock over into a spectacle to be witnessed and something to be taken more seriously (i.e. philosophical and political innuendos) rather than just fun music to dance to.

Rock became more complex and arty and thus the music period from '69-'75 are the most non-danceable years. Of course, there are exceptions such as Creedence Clearwater Revival and the J. Geils Band to name a few.

Meanwhile, there was still a segment of America that wanted to dance during these years. And beginning in 1973 and up until 1980 the void was filled by combining clean soul-less soul with a contrived regular beat that soon became a producers dream as groups became merely tools to keep those couples on the dance

IS IT STILL ROCK'N'ROLL TO YOU?

The final question that needs to be asked is — Why do patrons frequent a rock disco that plays only recorded music, some of which could be heard on the radio or played on one's own stereo, instead of going to a club which features live rock'n'roll?

Female patrons said they came because their friends did. Every male patron we asked said he came because of all the girls that frequent these rock'n'roll discos. Still some gave the opinion that DJ's like *Abbey Road's* Dash Riprock were better than a live band because they played a wider variety of music than one or two bands could offer. Most customers felt that San Antonio's live music scene was dead. They said they preferred seeing bands who did original music than ones that covered other material. Others who refused to frequent rock discos, felt that it was an insult to have to pay a steep (average \$2.00) cover charge to get into a club to watch someone play records. They "would rather pay to see a live band, any live band." Indeed, some clubs that feature live bands don't have a cover charge.

How does the situation effect the live music scene itself? Dash Riprock of *Abbey Road* feels that his type of club can only be good for the live scene.

"Our type of club stimulates growth in S.A. because if people stop turning out to hear live music that will only force those types of places to

hire better and more appealing bands," Riprock said. "We can create more of a flow too because we don't have breaks in the music like a live act will. We'll be around as long as people want to dance." He continued.

Skip Wells, of *Skipwillys*, which features a wide variety of live bands for a low cover charge said that the rock discos were taking business from his club and other live music clubs as well. He feels, though, that the rock disco is just a passing fad.

Stardust band member, Jimmy Fuller felt that rock discos were not as big a problem as were the country/western discos created by the urban cowboy phenomenon that currently exists. It's Fuller's experience that people prefer to hear live bands play current radio hits rather than original music, however.

So, we'll leave the answers up to you. If you want better live music in S.A., then demand it from the owners of the live music clubs you frequent. If you want more original music (which most local bands do want to play) then voice your opinions to club owners. But if you're among the ones who cry that there isn't any good original local talent then you just aren't looking hard enough or you expect too much for too little. Rock discos are fine as an alternative to a perhaps ailing live music scene here — but only as an alternative until the rock'n'roll doctor gives us a shot of rhythm and blues.—RNR

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ROCKPILE'S BOULDER STYLE

It hardly seems possible that rock 'n' roll's beloved Rockpile—comprising Billy Bremner, Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Terry Williams—has never recorded an album as a group until today. Notwithstanding their individual and/or collective work on Edmunds' solo albums through the '70's, or on Lowe's more recent pair of solo albums for Columbia in '78-'79, or on Rockpile's four ravenously received U.S. tours in '77-'78-'79—Rockpile has only existed as some kind of mythical rock ideal all this time.

Until now, that is. *Seconds Of Pleasure* is Rockpile's "debut" album on Columbia Records, and to call it long-awaited would be felonious understatement. It is everything a Rockpile album should be and then some: a half-dozen original compositions by the band which ring with an aire of *deja vu*, like vintage rock 'n' roll that you've heard all your life—but are really hearing for the first time on this long-player. And just like any Rockpile performance, there are those archive chestnuts that fit the band to a tee: Joe Tex's *If Sugar Was as Sweet As You*; the forgotten Chess vocalist Kip Anderson's ode to overeating, *Knife and Fork*; Chuck Berry's recently-recorded *Oh What a Thrill*; as well as the opening *Teacher Teacher* and the closing *You Ain't Nothin' but Fine*.

Topping the list is the new (British) single, another "debut" by Rockpile, namely *Wrong Way* (an unreleased Squeeze composition) b/w a Rockpile ballad, *Now and Always*. *Seconds Of Pleasure* is made even sweeter by the inclusion of a collectible 7-inch EP packaged inside, Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe singing four Everly Brothers tunes: *Take a Message to Mary*, *Crying in the Rain*, *Poor Jenny*, and *When Will I Be Loved* (the latter three tracks recorded with acoustic guitars at a Capitol Radio live interview broadcast in London).

The variety of songs which Rockpile records and performs onstage has inadvertently earned them staunch followings in hard-rock, country, rhythm and blues, rockabilly and even rarefied new wave circles. The fact that Edmunds, Lowe, and Bremner can compose (individually and collectively, again) within just about any framework of popular music—that can be played by four blokes in a rock band—makes for a neverending reserve of fresh material from the band. The fact that all four members share careers in rock dating to the '60's (or earlier) accounts for their tasty choices of "outside" tunes—from Fats Domino and Chuck Berry, to the Elvises and beyond.

So although it seems that Rockpile's history is bound up in their evolution over the last three years, it's actually a result of four lifetimes of hard work.

Start with Dave Edmunds, born in Cardiff, Wales on recipient of his first guitar at age 15, whereupon he graduated from skiffle to rock 'n' roll and joined the semi-pro trio The Raiders, already more interested in Chuck Berry or Jerry Lee Lewis obscurities than in the hits. His very next group, Love Sculpture (a trio), formed late-'66, recorded two albums on EMI in England and scored a major hit single with a rock version of Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Dave's blazing lead guitar turned him into an overnight sensation and in 1970, Love Sculpture's final tour together landed them in New York, at a fondly-remembered Long Island venue known as *The Rockpile*.

On his own that year, Dave mastered the technical side of recording at Rockfield Studios in South Wales, also playing most instruments himself on the tracks he recorded. His first solo single, the old Smiley Lewis/Fats Domino "I Hear You Knocking," bolted to #1 in a fortnight, dominated the British, European and American charts for months, and sold 3,000,000 copies worldwide in '71. An LP followed in '72, portentously titled *Rockpile*, including the hit 45 and staples like Chuck Berry's "Promised Land" and James Burton's "Down Down Down."

A brief tour took place in support, and the band was christened Rockpile at that time. One member was drummer Terry Williams, who'd gone along as a sub on the previous Love Sculpture U.S. tour. Williams, a native of Swansea, had started in a band called the Comancheros, then honed his craft playing jazz in the '60's throughout Wales. Before joining Edmunds, Williams was in The Jets, South Wales' "other" top band (along with Love Sculpture), which included Deke Leonard and Martin Ace; they would go on to form Man, which lasted almost ten years and recorded over a dozen albums.

Rockpile—the album and the band—fathered England's "Pub Rock" movement, the concerted reaction to mega-rock and, at the same time, a low-keyed re-discovery of roots-rock 'n' roll, Rockpile-style you might say. Along with bands like Man, Chilli Willi, Eggs Over Easy, Ace, Bees Make Honey, and Ducks Deluxe, the Pub Rock scene was enlivened by one special band, Brinsley Schwarz.

Enter Nick Lowe. He and a schoolmate, Brinsley Schwarz (guitar) and Bob Andrews (keyboards) formed Kippington Lodge in 1965, precursors to 'the Brinsleys', as they were popularly known from 1970-75, the band's lifetime together. With the exception of only a handful of songs, Lowe composed virtually every Brinsleys track on their six original studio albums. They lived communally, toured constantly, made a smidgen of money, and focused much media attention on the Pub Rockers in general.

During their tenure, the Brinsleys crossed paths with Man on more than one occasion (like the *Greasy Truckers Party* benefit LP); likewise, Man crossed paths with their Welsh-mate Edmunds more than once (like the *Christmas at the Patti* celebration, in Swansea). Inevitably, Edmunds would produce the Brinsleys' final album, *New Favourites* (1974), their finest hour together, heralded by Lowe's opening "(What's So Funny) 'Bout Peace, Love and Understanding" (re-cut by Elvis Costello four years later). Upon the LP's release, Edmunds toured with the Brinsleys opening for him and backing him for his own set (and an amicable tour it was).

Edmunds' outside productions (for the Flamin' Groovies, Del Shannon, and Ducks Deluxe) were followed by his second solo album, *Subtle As a Flying Mallet*. Everywhere on the album, the Edmunds-Lowe-Rockpile-Brinsleys connection thrived—Dave even sang his first Lowe composition, "She's My Baby," with Nick on bass. The album was issued in 1975, just as the Brinsleys played their final gig together; and soon after Edmunds and Lowe began producing singles together at Rockfield (one under the name of the Disco Brothers).

With the launch of Stiff Records in the summer, 1976—Lowe's double-A sided single "So It Goes" b/w "Heart of the City" was the first release—the public was forewarned. Nick became sort of "staff producer" at the label for (among others) the Damned, Wreckless Eric, and Elvis Costello. And continuing the association with Edmunds, the best was yet to come.

For in the spring, 1977, Rockpile re-grouped for touring: Edmunds, Lowe, Terry Williams, and on 2nd guitar, Billy Bremner. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland, Bremner left school at age 14 to go 'semi-pro' with Barry Wayne & the Strangers; then moved to London and spent two "gigantic" years with the Walker Brothers at their peak. He's played on "millions of sessions," reckons Billy, everyone from Brenda Lee and Duane Eddy, to Lulu & the Luvvers and the notorious Pink Fairies. Perhaps his most famous role was in the original U.K. television series, *The Rutles*, playing 'Fatso'; and on the *Rutland Weekend* album (including "Hard Day's Rut").

The '77 tour supported Edmunds' (then) new album, *Get It* (Swan Song Records), an extension of the oldies-and-newies format of *Subtle*. *Get It* included two new songs by Lowe, the utterly classic "I Knew the Bride" and "What Did I Do Last Night?"; and two Edmunds-Lowe collaborations, the equally classic "Here Comes the Weekend" and "Little Darlin'."

A year later (spring '78) Rockpile toured again. This time, much focus was on Lowe's debut album, *Pure Pop for Now People*. That LP collected many of his widely-recorded singles; but the bulk of it was recorded in-session with Edmunds, Williams, and Bremner. On-tour in No. America with Elvis Costello & the Attractions, Rockpile went down a storm, headlining many dates themselves and earning a full-page feature story in *TIME* magazine (June 26) confirming their status in rock.

The stable lineup of Bremner-Edmunds-Lowe-Williams recorded Edmunds' next album, *Tracks On Wax 4* (September, 1978), a hardy concoction of Rockpile tunes such as Lowe's "Heart of the City," Bremner's "Trouble Boys," Edmunds' "A-1 On the Jukebox," and Chuck Berry's "It's My Own Business." A 2-month tour with Van Morrison followed—Rockpile again headlining along the way, with requisite live radio broadcasts and manic crowds everywhere.

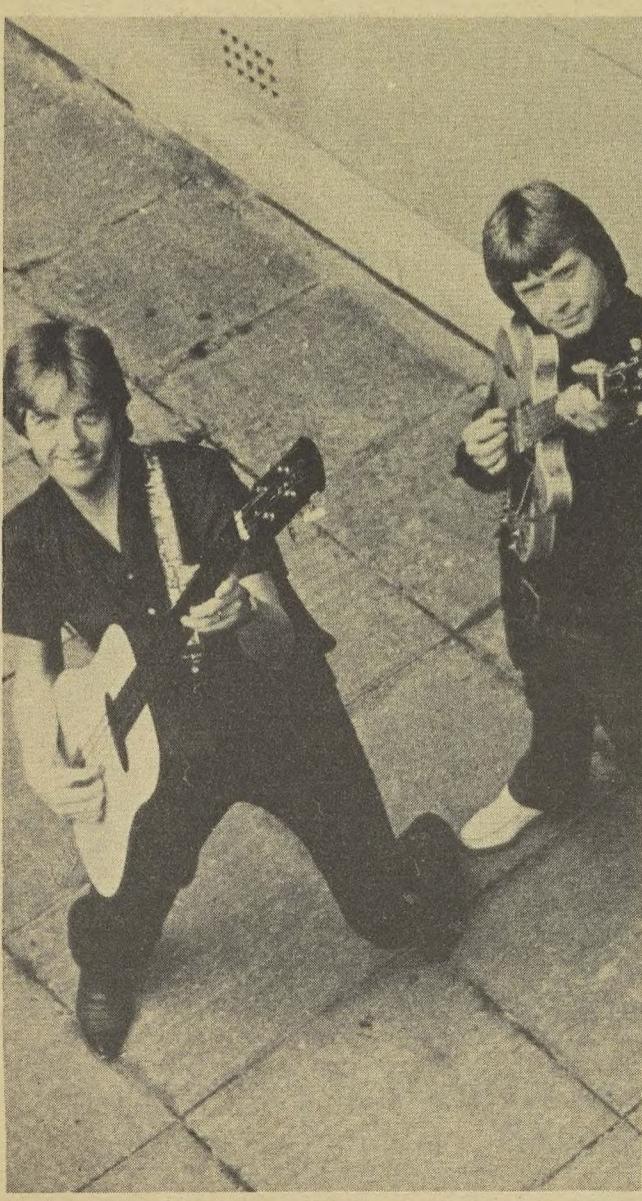
The scene repeated itself in the summer '79, when Rockpile hit the road again, with Blondie this time. Lowe had produced the Pretenders' first single, "Stop Your Sobbin'," and Mickey Jupp's second album, *Juppanese* (Stiff). So Lowe's album, *Labour of Lust* (June release), recorded entirely with Rockpile, was an instant smash: "Switchboard Susan" (written by Jupp), "Cruel To Be Kind," and "Crackin' Up" were all played in the Rockpile set on-tour. Edmunds' new album, *Repeat When Necessary* (also recorded with Rockpile) offered up covers on Elvis Costello's "Girls Talk" (a single pick); Graham Parker's "Crawling From the Wreckage" (whom Lowe had produced); and Bremner's rollicking "Goodbye Mr. Good Guy" and "Creature from the Black Lagoon." Moreover, Bremner had taken to singing an impromptu Elvis Presley tribute song each night onstage that summer.

Rockpile's performances since then—the closing night's Kampuchea Peoples benefit concert at Hammersmith Odeon on December 29th (with Paul McCartney & Wings, and Elvis Costello & the Attractions); and at Toronto's Heatwave "festival" on August 26th (with Elvis, the Pretenders *et al*)—have circumscribed their work on their first real album as a group. *Seconds Of Pleasure* takes the lid off rock 'n' roll's least-secret band, and Rockpile returns to North America for their first full-headlining tour to celebrate their 'coming-out' party. To paraphrase the chorus of Count Rockin' Sidney and the Dukes, it ain't nothin' but "fine, fine, fine."



TERRY WILLIAMS

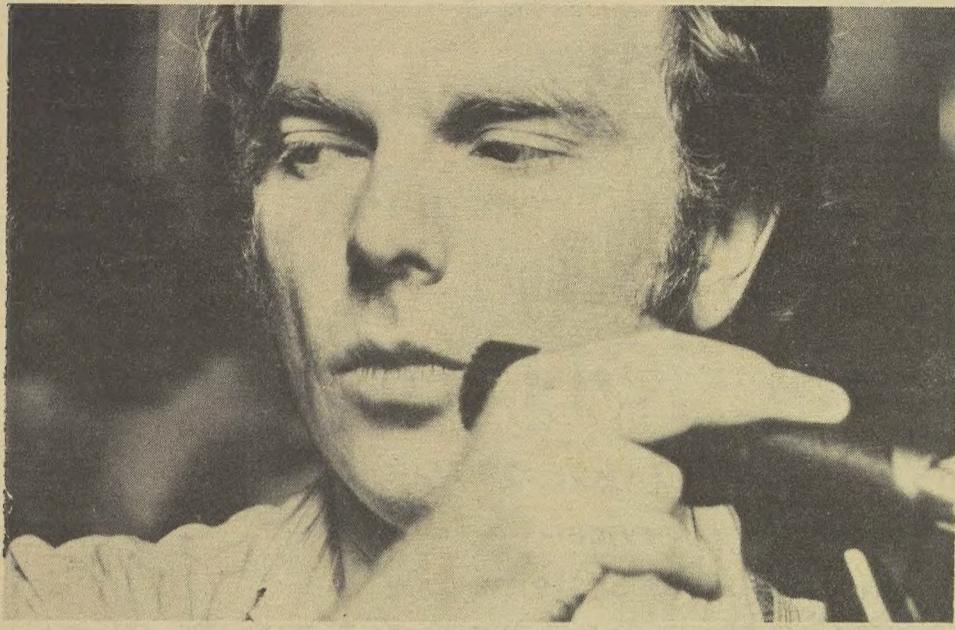
BILLY BREMNER



NICK LOWE

DAVE EDMUNDS

VAN MORRISON INTO THE MYSTIC



What's obfuscation mean?

by George Ivan

Better use of this short article would have been made by committing its whole to an analytical discussion of a single Van Morrison album (*Astral Weeks* is probably most deserving in attention). Such an analysis would have allowed us to more carefully examine the way in which Morrison couples lyrical ambiguity with music rooted primarily in Black American blues to produce a work that is far more exotic than the efforts of the artists, notably including the music of Leadbelly, which he claims are his greatest influences.

But such a discussion also would have resembled criticism of the literary variety, which I assume most *IORNRR* readers would choose to ignore; moreover, *Astral Weeks* was released a decade ago — a sobering fact because I realize that an essay which concerns itself with a ten-year-old album will attract little attention from a rock music audience. On the other hand, I didn't want this discussion to imitate the record reviews and artist biographies we so often find in *Rolling Stone*, *Circus*, *Sounds* and magazines of the like (including this publication). So as a compromise between a narrowly-focused critical study and a simple regurgitation of facts and gossip, I offer the following presentation which will address itself to the lyrical qualities of Van Morrison's material in general, with the assumption that his music is a dependent companion of his poetry, and that by discussing the latter, we gain some sight of the former.

Most apparent in Morrison's works is the ambiguity of his lyrics: in *Astral Weeks*, for example, the author seems to be speaking from a cloud of self-conscious obfuscation, which, along with the implications of meaning detected behind that cloud, perhaps alienates him from many of his listeners. But Morrison certainly realizes that ambiguity is now an accepted, even prizes, means of artistic expression (Leadbelly's lyrics, by contrast, are as clear as the notes from his guitar); pressed by an interviewer to reveal the nature of "Madame George" (a long-running track

on *Astral Weeks*), he describes the song as "a Swiss cheese sandwich." Yet he also suggests, during the same interview, that *Astral Weeks* makes artistic and intellectual sense as a "rock Opera", that the songs on the album share a common thematic conscience. Why does Morrison make the curious and vague remark about "Madame George" and then offer the apparently more sincere suggestion about the *Astral Weeks* set as a whole? Perhaps the writing of the songs on the album originated in an artistic impulse, their composition having occurred without reference to collective arrangement and the grouping having occurred without reference to collective arrangement and the grouping having assumed a natural order; on the other hand, Morrison may indeed have written the material with a clear pattern of consistency in mind, and now simply refuses to separate one song from the group by assigning a specific attitude or subject to it.

Morrison admits, however, that he's often surprised by his own writing: "There are times when I'm mystified. The stuff that comes out . . . feels right, but I can't see for sure what it means." Apparently then, there's no solution to the mystery of Morrison's obscure lyrics, but perhaps this is as it should be: to derive consistency from his songs is to impose it upon them. It may be that his ambiguity is the result of his artistic search for the forms which might embody his view of life as a mystery from which it is impossible to abstract an absolute significance. This turns us to the possibility that Morrison can not or will not make up his mind, that he is impelled by his uncertainties to create forms which will encompass them.

The shifting of Morrison's ideas from one album to the next reinforces this possibility. *Astral Weeks*, with jazz as its main musical influence, speaks from a mysterious fog of unconventionality, its author not yet prepared to meet the harsh realities of the world in which he has a role: "I'm just a stranger in this world." This attitude is apparent on the subsequent

His Band and the Street Choir (although a musical structure more resembling rock has replaced the jazz roots of the earlier album):

*Call me up in Dreamland,
Radio to me, man:
Get the message to me,
Any way you can.*

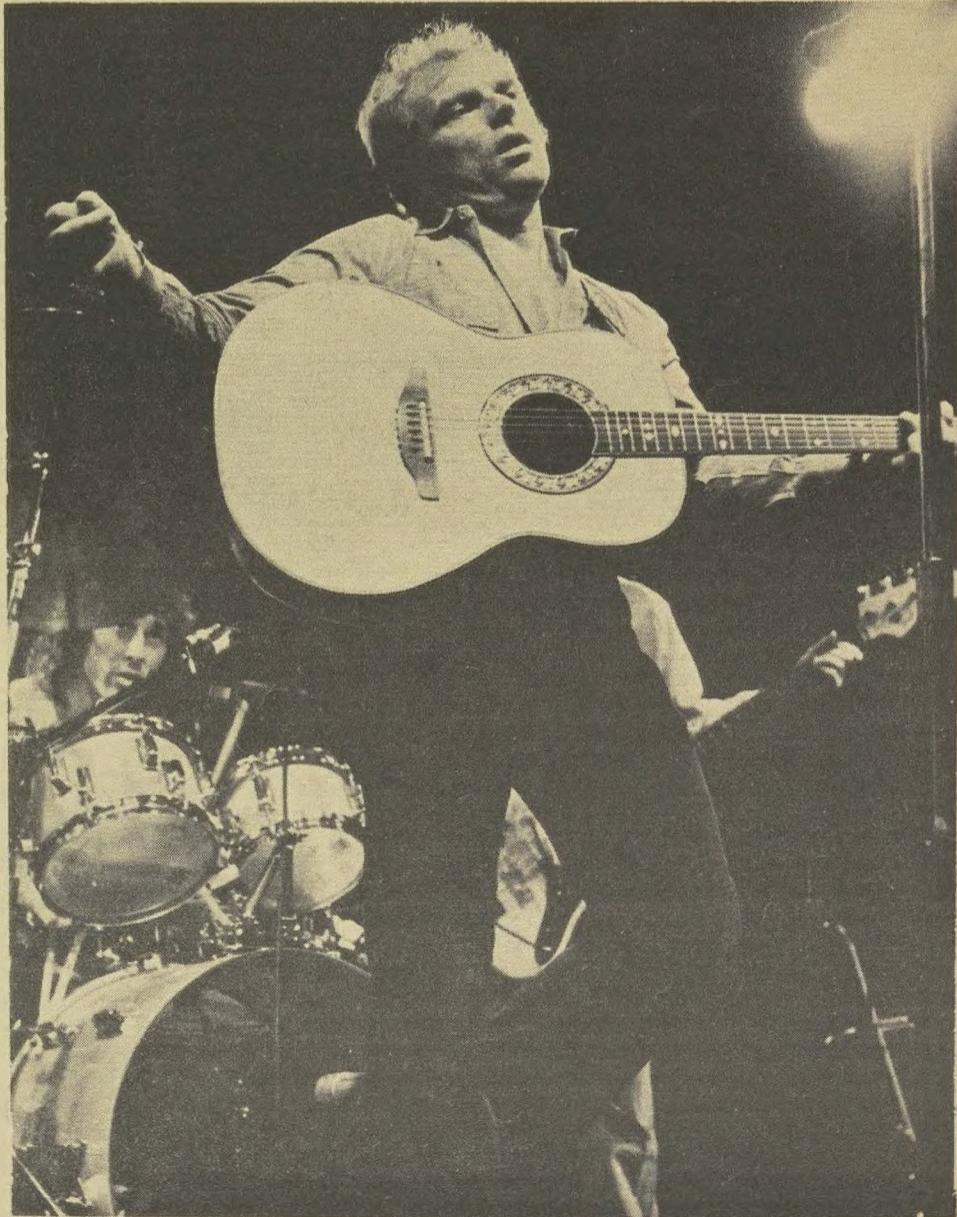
The author remains within the protective cloud of obscurity, asking only that someone "radio" a message to him. Then, by sharp contrast, *Hard Nose the Highway* witnesses an assertion on the author's part in addressing a very real ill of contemporary society:

*Did you ever hear about the Great Deception,
Where the plastic revolutionaries
Take the money and run?
And have you ever been down to
Love City
Where they rip you off with a smile
Instead of a gun.*

But again Morrison has his fog machine working to the hilt for *Veedon Fleece*, an album perhaps more shrouded in mystical imagery than even *Astral Weeks*. Backed by music that hints at traces of Gaelic folk jazz, rock, and blues, the author takes a journey through the ages to the mists of the medieval past. With the landmark (at least thematically) *Into the Music* album, Morrison introduces his relationship with religion and God, and the songs in this set suggest the combined themes of eradication of past courtships with mysticism and resolution of inner quarrels. With *Common One*, however, the ghosts of *Veedon Fleece* and *Astral Weeks* reappear, and the author once again dips into "streams of consciousness," with James Joyce as an apparent partner in thought.

The problem of Morrison's ambiguity, then, is alternately vexing and fascinating. A few rock magazine writers have tried to solve the obscurity by imposing a consistent world view on the complex, shifting values of his works, and by claiming that the Morrison lyrics which corroborate the consistent view are "sincere" (*Into the Music*) and that all others are "ironic" (*Astral Weeks*). Unfortunately, the conflict of consistencies only leads to further obscurity. Van Morrison undoubtedly recognizes the contrasting nature of his ideas and artistic values and has created structures that will at once express them and oppose each to its counterpart. In this relation, all lyrics are potentially "sincere" and "ironic."

The structural denominator found throughout Morrison's works is a diagram that consists of the opposed forces and conditions which dramatize the relativity of truth. The diagram's linear element expresses the search for an absolute — the futile quest, noble yet fated. Its circular element embodies the wholeness of being, the full circle of metaphysical conjecture. This arrangement, as in *Astral Weeks*, is often enhanced by linear and circular imagery, but does not result in a static configuration so much as in a fluid opposition, with a consequent breakdown and reformation into further anti-thesis. Morrison is careful to avoid absolute structures, and has also avoided the trap of unqualified relativity, itself an absolute. If the result is perplexing, so, Morrison might respond, is the world. —RNR



by Robbin Cresswell



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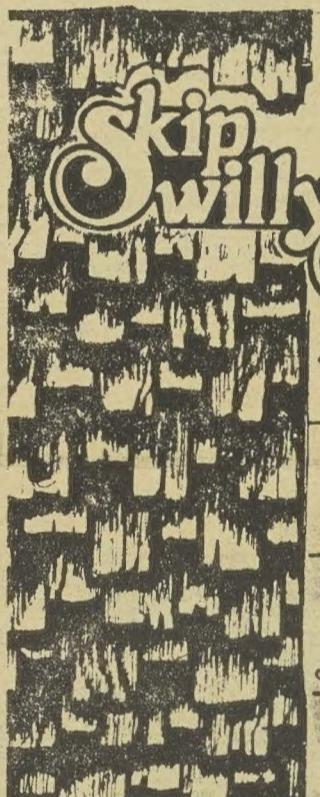
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Scalpers, who sometimes buy over 100 tickets make it hard for honest fans to get good seats even if they try to purchase them on the first day of sales. There should be no reason at all why box offices shouldn't set a 10 ticket per person limit. Most box offices already comply with this policy; others limit tickets only when promoters or the groups themselves insist on it.

It has been reported that at the recent Beach Boys ticket sales at the U.T. Special Events Center in Austin that scalpers operated freely and purchased in at least two cases 61 and 120 tickets.

If you are in favor of the 10 ticket limit policy let the outlets know. (The U.T. Special Events Center seems to be the worst offender.) U.T. Special Events Center/P.O. Box 2929, Austin, TX 78769/1-447-6060.

Out of fairness to all concert fans and to discourage the practice of scalping tickets, I

believe you should set a 10-ticket limit for each purchaser.

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Now is your chance to get any back issues of *IT'S ONLY ROCK'N'ROLL* that you might have missed. Besides articles and interviews, each issue is filled with action concert photos, record reviews and more. Each back issue is 75¢ each. Please check below the issue(s) you want, clip it out and send it in. Or send it To: P.O. Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201. # 4—Patti Smith, Nick Lowe, Heart # 5—AC/DC, Yesterday & Today, Patti Smith, Pt. 2 # 10—Steve Martin, Godz, Ramones, Kiss # 11—Judas Priest, Police, Rush, Angel # 12—Heyoka, Doug Sahm, Toto # 16—Battle of Bands, Devo, Bruford # 17—Joe "King" Carrasco, B-52s, Rockpile # 18—Riot, Axe, Crazy Cavan # 19—Scorpions, Point Blank, Roky Erikson # 20—ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins # 21—Rush Pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer # 22—Rush Pt. 2, Christopher Cross, John Cale # 23—Mahogany Rush, Van Wilks, The Beat # 24—Triumph, Grace Slick, 999 # 27—Fleetwood Mac, Utopia, Sir Douglas Quintet # 28—Graham Parker, Michael Schenker, The Lotions # 29—Bruce Springsteen, Jumbo, Whitesnake



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2/7—Shawn Phillips/Paramount Theater
2/10—Lonnie Brooks/Soapcreek Saloon
2/11—Joan Jett/Clubfoot (Spotlite)
2/12—Sir Douglas Quintet/Clubfoot (Spotlite)
2/13—The Beach Boys/U.T. Special Events Center
2/14—38 Special/Opryhouse (Spotlite)
2/18—Freddie Hubbard/Third Coast
2/19—Mitch Ryder/Clubfoot (Spotlite)
2/20—Willie Nile/Romantics/Clubfoot (Spotlite)
2/19&20—Doc Watson/Third Coast
2/20&21—Albert Collins/Soapcreek Saloon
2/21—Larry Coryell/Third Coast
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The concert dates and places are subject to change without notice. Please call the promoter, especially if it's an out of town show. We have listed most of the area promoters for you. All information is current as we go to press. Please do not hold us responsible for any changes.

We would like to apologize for the inadvertent omission of Henry "Bootsie" Norman's name in the lineup of The Romeos in our article on them in the December issue of IORNR. However, guitarist "Bootsie" was included in the body of the article.

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by David Frost

My neighbor is listening to The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" and, because he's got an 80-watt amp, I'm listening to it also. I don't know if my neighbor connects that song with John Lennon, but I do. We suspended our knowledge of reality to believe in the magic of the Beatles, and John Lennon's death was so hard to take because the reality of it is such a painful imposition.

Let's face it; we had a lot invested in the Beatles. I'm not talking about all the money we spent on Beatles' records, films, wigs, whatever. I'm talking 'bout the emotional investment. The Beatles symbolized rock'n'roll, took it to new heights and helped to sustain it long after they disbanded. And John Lennon seemed to symbolize the Beatles more so than

George, Paul or Ringo. John was always the most faithful of the four to the spirit of rock'n'roll. It'll be sad when the other three die and perhaps tragic, depending on the circumstances, but John Lennon's death hurts most of all.

It hurts because it was so fucking senseless. It hurts because there now will never be a Beatles' Reunion, although I think we knew that a long time ago. It hurts because John Lennon's personal struggles were so deep and so real, and it seemed as if he had only recently come to terms with his world and with his self.

And it hurts because next time, when the "next Elvis" or the "next Beatles" come along, we'll be a bit wary about embracing them as readily

and as completely as we embraced Elvis or the Beatles because we now know from painful experience that it won't last forever. And the promise of rock'n'roll is that it can last forever. Deep down inside, whether we realize it or not, Lennon's death has caused us to make a note that, no matter who comes along in the future, we "won't get fooled again."

God, what a depressing thought! For the first time in a long time, I've written something that I hope isn't true.

Yes, I know, you can't go home again. The Beatles were unlike Elvis, and the next massive, cosmic, magical rock'n'roll superstar won't be like Elvis or the Beatles, so maybe it can happen again at some time in the fu-

ture. Certainly it's not too late for you younger folks who didn't experience the 50s or the 60s firsthand. And even if the death of John Lennon has taken the edge off things for the rest of us, we've still got our memories. There's no law against listening to your Beatles records and your Lennon records until the day you die.

Because even though the Beatles haven't lasted forever, rock'n'roll will last forever. The king is dead; long live the king. There won't be another John Lennon because there can't be and, more important, there doesn't need to be. We've already had our one John Lennon, and he was rockin' and rollin' until the very end.

Let that be his epitaph and our example.

"I READ THE NEWS TODAY OH BOY"

MUSICIANS: DO IT YOURSELF

OR GET A JOB/

RUDY HARST AND THE

MELODRAMAS SCORE BIG

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

Dear Club Owners,

There is a lot of great talent in S.A. but nobody gets a chance to hear it because all you guys say that original music doesn't go over well, that's a bunch of B.S. If ya'll want copy music buy a joke box, but if you want live bands how about letting some of the very hot bands from S.A. that play good original music play your clubs. Bands that play their own music shouldn't have to learn all copy just to play your clubs! After all Kansas, Judas Priest, Rush, etc. didn't make it by playing copy music.

A Hot S.A. Musician

This letter isn't very old, but the thoughts it imparts are. It's The Eternal Musician's Complaint: We Can't Make A Living Playing Our Own Music in San Antonio.

When I got this letter I made a list of semi-well known, semi-popular clubs that booked a majority of local bands which played original tunes. I came up with about 10 names. By the time the list was finished two of the places had gone out of business and mechanical bulls, garish feathered hatbands and country/western/disco disc jockeys were falling on Alamo Town like a shittrain.

We're in the common grip of another fad boys and girls. The death of disco was well heralded and well celebrated by performers who didn't see John Travolta's latest triumph as much a threat as his last. Too bad.

Artists of any stripe have (and will) always be bucking fads (so to speak). It matters not how senseless, tasteless, silly, tacky or boring a thing may seem to be, if enough people embrace it, it's in.

I've been writing about live music in this town for six years — not a lifetime — but long enough to have musicians, publishers and club owners ask me dozens of times — "What does it take to make it in this town?"

How the hell should I know? If I did I'd be a rich man and not a "local scene editor." I do know club owners go with the flow, change with the fads and do whatever they have to do to be all things to all people. Or they go out of business.

Musicians do the same thing — unless their principles are more important than their pocketbooks. Fortunately for S.A. and its music lovers this city seems to be blessed with an abundance of talented, uncompromising, bull-headed, magical musicians who stick around and keep trying to make a go here.

But, the time for voicing the great complaint is gone — bitching about your plight is a waste of energy better spent elsewhere.

I don't make my living playing music and I don't make my living writing about music. I'd starve if I did. I'm fortunate that my hobby keeps me in contact with music people — people who have alternately delighted and disappointed — often in the same song. In the six years I've spent

listening to, writing about and hanging out with musicians I've learned a bunch. Some of it's good, some bad, all worthwhile.

In the interest of advancing the cause of interesting live music here I offer the following suggestions. I'd like to present them as demands because they will work and there is little or no alternative, but that's up to the music makers.

1. Musicians take charge of your own destinies. Don't bitch and moan and argue among yourselves.

2. Come out in public, leave that garage, only when your act is where you want it to be. If you're not ready to gig, practice until you are.

3. Build your own following. Shanghai friends, neighbors, relatives, enemies and acquaintances until you have brainwashed a whole herd of people into believing you're "the next big thing." You may well be.

4. Find your own place to play. Don't hang around waiting for a club owner to beat down the garage door offering bookings. You'll be a skeleton and the door will be termite fodder before that happens.

When you're ready to make your debut search out a sympathetic bar (don't rule any place out — Joe "King" Carrasco developed a massive following here at the Castle Club, a predominantly C&W neighborhood bar; the Friendly Spot is a tiny ice house that books everything from folk to punk) play cheap, and pack the joint with your trusty fans. Bar owners savvy money. If you bring it in you'll be booked for another night.

5. Publicize yourself. Media people do not materialize with their hands poised over typewriters and cameras. Likewise, most of your fans will not be telepaths — they're gonna know when and where you're playing when you tell them. Get a mailing list and a phone list together and get the word out to everyone who might be remotely interested.

Both daily papers, *Action Magazine* and *IORNR* make an effort to cover as much local entertainment as possible — if we know it exists. If you're real persistent or set your sound man on fire you could even get local radio and/or TV coverage.

People like Frank Rodarte and Rudy Harst know about this jazz and could draw a crowd to absolutely nothing if they wanted to bad enough. They'll probably tell you how — if you want to know bad enough.

6. Make something happen. If you can't get a standard, patented club gig rent your own hall, play benefits, play private parties, play art shows, play showcases, play cheap, play free, but play for audiences as much as you can.

When Heyoka couldn't get bookings during Fiesta Week they booked themselves. Their Villa Fontana Happenings have become a tradition.

7. Cut your own record. If you believe you're ready to record don't wait around for a smiling record exec with

a satin jacket, a pound of cocaine and a briefcase full of pesos to lead you into the vinyl promised land. Hell, take your black T-Shirt, a six-pack of Pearl and a pocketful of nickles and go by yourself.

If you go into a local studio with your feces well consolidated you can come out with a quality recording for much less than you might think.

Get some records out and sell 'em wherever and whenever you can. Publicize the record the same way you publicize yourself. Force the music business to know you exist.

None of the preceding stuff is easy and the list is probably nowhere near complete. But, if you channel your energy into doing for yourself instead of bitching you won't have so much time on your hands to worry about where your next car payment is coming from.

All it takes to make it in the music business here is talent, gall, luck, common sense, a frail hold on sanity, a lot of friends, and a pile of intangibles.

★ ★ ★

January 9 marked Melodrama Theatre's entry into the concert world. That date may not go down in history, but it was a hell of a concert just the same.

Sunday's Song, The Bett Butler Blues Band and Rudy Harst and Side Effect combined to present this town with an inspired musical evening.

Sunday's Song opened as an acoustic duo (Melody Ackerman and Vergie Junot) doing mellow folk/country/rock, swelled to a trio with the addition of Doris Armstrong then bloomed into a band when pianist Bett Butler and drummer Jim Vindervater appeared.

This group is part of the great shifting S.A. music scene. They all play together if they can, but they'll solo if they have to. Sunday's Song was obviously comfortable with their songs and each other. That served to set a comfortable, united tone for the entire night.

The words "Blues Band" in this town usually mean ZZ Top or the Allman Brothers. Blues Band as in the Bett Butler Blues Band means Bessie Smith, W.C. Handy, and some jazz — traditional, yet personal and intense.

Butler, drummer Vindervater and bass man Ricky Wells play a style of music not normally heard around here — and they play it very well. The Butler group went from gut bucket blues to soaring improvisational jazz with ease and aplomb. The audience went along.

After a short pause to strip the stage bare it was time for Rudy Harst and Side Effect (Charlie Athanas.)

I've seen Rudy Harst, with his guitar and electronic gimmicks, at least a dozen times in various settings. None of those dozen times or various settings prepared me for his Melodrama performance. With the assistance of an unseen Athanas on synthesizer and special effects Harst put on one



Rudy at play.

of the most powerful, intense, and original shows I've ever witnessed.

While I'm rarely at a loss for adjectives I sat with my jaw hanging to the floor as Harst and Athanas mesmerized a packed house. The phrase that kept running through my mind, despite all attempts to banish it, was one I've heard from Heavy Metal freaks — This Kicks Ass.

Well, kick ass it did as Rudy Harst ran himself and his audience through a musical gauntlet of tempo and emotions. We went from boredom to despair to laughter to love to another planet — to anger to peace — to reality.

If Harst does nothing else he writes, sings, plays, acts and dances reality. Whether he's playing his own songs or carefully selected cover versions of someone else's, he's telling us what we know to be true — no matter how much we don't want to know it.

This is the point in the review where I'm suppose to run down some song titles and struggle to find something pertinent to say to back up all the preceding paragraphs. I'm not going to do that. I'm going to end this review by saying if you don't make whatever effort is necessary to see Rudy Harst and Side Effect in person there's a big hole in your musical edification and in your head. — RNR

BAND AIDS

We know how hard it is to be a new band trying to get club work in San Antonio and Austin, so we offer special ad rates for bands who are looking for local area bookings or who want to push a record they've made. The ad sizes available are:

1/16 page	3½x1¼	\$25
1/8 page	5x3½	\$35
1/4 page	5x7	\$60

Photos run with ad are \$5.00 extra. Deadline is the 15th of each month. Ad will run in following month issue. Money Order only must accompany the ad copy, if there are any additional art charges you will be billed. • If ad is camera-ready, please make an effort to do a nice-looking ad. We reserve the right to refuse to run it if it's not and it will be returned to you with payment. There is no discount for camera-ready ads.



Blondie/Autoamerican (Chrysalis) — This LP should be a big disappointment to old Blondie fans as well as new ones. Myself, being one of the former, eagerly put the record on only to find this once very distinguishable and unique band sounding like any other MOR band.

As a whole, the album is lightweight and tame. It lacks the aggressiveness and strong melodies that Blondie was known for in their three disco songs as well as their superb rock'n'roll songs.

This LP has three disco cuts. "Rapture" and "Do The Dark" are both run-of-the-mill emotionless disco drivel with the former having a jive talk routine like "Rapper's Delight." "Live It Up", the third disco track lacks the punch and tunefulness of their previous disco hits ("Heart of Glass", "Atomic" and "Call Me") but it's still the best song on here. The only other three worth mentioning are "Angels on the Balcony", "Go Through It" and "The Tide is High", a cross between Reggae and Mariachi.

There's little life to this record and throughout the guitars and keyboards are suppressed. In the final song, Debbie Harry says, "Follow Me", but after listening to this cold and indifferent record I would just as soon follow a Stepford Wife. (C)**Clyde Kimsey

Specials/More Specials (Chrysalis) — Hopeless and futile are the best words to describe the mood of this album. *More Specials* sounds so different from their debut LP you wouldn't recognize them if you heard it. It's alleged that this LP reflects the general mood of Britain this past year and it's certainly obvious that the Specials found different inspiration for it.

Not really being ska music anymore, you won't be surprised to know that the songs here are less energetic, considerably longer and much more refined, with female vocalists and horns thrown in. There's even an instrumental on side 2. Of course, there's still humor in this bleak view of life, but it's serious and dry unlike the craziness of the first LP. And while, yes, it's still good music, superior even, I think it's the last thing we'd expect from a 2-tone group.**Clint Falk

John Lennon-Yoko Ono/Double Fantasy (Geffen) — It's great to hear his voice again.**RY

Jack Bruce and Friends: Clem Clempson, Billy Cobham, David Sancious/I've Always Wanted To Do This (Epic)

It's always great when the ever-enigmatic Jack Bruce gets together another band of super musicians. But they look good on paper and never seem to work out in the studio. This time though it looks and sounds better than his past efforts mainly because all four stars work as a unit rather than as four separate ego-trippers trying to upstage each other. There's enough prime material here to appeal to rock, blues, jazz and even disco fans with some of the best and most interesting songs being the rocky "Hit And Run"; the romantic and beautiful Cobham-penned "Wind And The Sea" sung by Bruce, who is to song what Richard Burton is to drama; the bluesy and funny "Out To Lunch"; and "318", which sounds like something from the Bruce-Peter Brown *Songs For A Tailor* LP. Most will remember (bassist) Bruce from his days with Cream and West, Bruce and Laing; Clempson's main claim to fame is a stint as guitarist with Deep Purple; Cobham, of course, drummed with the Mahavishnu Orchestra among others; and Sancious' keyboard talents first shone on Bruce Springsteen's first albums.**RY

Delbert McClinton/The Jealous Kind (Capitol) — Delbert always has picked impeccable material for his too infrequent albums. He's also written a few classic country/blues/rock songs himself and still remains the best singer in that idiom. He's recorded this LP at Muscle Shoals and it's got a good loose feel to it but the grit from his earlier works (that was also absent from his last) is missing — and that's an integral part of his appeal. While some of his covers here are good like, Van Morrison's "Bright Side of the Road" he doesn't do anything to it that Van hasn't already done better. "Baby Ruth" has recently been covered by John Prine, and while it might be a better version it's still a weak song. Al Green's "Take Me To The River" has been done to death lately by just about everyone, and his version of Ray Charles' "The Jealous Kind" doesn't come close. Still you should see the man in Austin when you can. As for his records try to find *Genuine Cowhide* and *Second Wind* in the cut-out bins.**RY

Jim Carroll/Catholic Boy (Atco)

Fallen angel pulled down by wicked gravity. Ex-junkie poet schooled in the mean streets of NYC, sat at the feet of Allen Ginsburg, lifted something blue from uncle Lou Reed, something borrowed from Patti Smith, his band learned it all from the Stones. Gonna be big!**RY

Robert Palmer/Clues (Island) — Palmer again weaves his own funky blend of calypso-rock, basically continuing in the direction taken on his last LP *Secrets*, but with extra "New Wave" influences. Palmer adds his personal touch to Gary Numan's "I Dream of Wires", and well complements Numan's guest appearances. The two co-wrote "Found You Now"; each performer seems to bring out the best in the other. Of special notice is the excellent drumming of Dony (The Romeos) Wynn. All in all, it's an enjoyable album.**Wendy Carson

The Clash/Black Market Clash (Epic)

It's been about a year since *London Calling*'s release and the Clash has released a 9-song EP that could easily pass for an entire album (33 minutes). We find our former punk friends moving on to other things musically, perhaps signaling the end of their 3-chord slam-bang-let's-tear-the-establishment-down-now music. A good potpourri disk, featuring three songs from '77: "Capitol Radio One", "Cheat" and "City of the Dead" — all vintage Clash. From the intermediate period come "The Prisoner" and Toots Hibbler's "Pressure Drop". The new material, however is what makes the EP noteworthy — an instrumental "Time Is Tight", their first song over five minutes "Bankrobber", and "Justice Tonight", also their first use of vocal harmonies on "Bankrobber", as well as their use of keyboards and synthesizers. However, throughout all this the spirit is still intact. The Clash are still fighting The System, but without the accusing self-righteousness of anything previous. An excellent buy at \$6.00 let alone \$4.00.**Tim Lawless

Sandinista!/The Clash (CBS) — The Clash are no longer a punk band. If *London Calling* started the break, *Sandinista!* finishes it, for good.

Sandinista! is no ordinary Clash album, or any album for that matter. This studio LP contains 3 records, 36 tracks, or 2 hours plus of very diverse music. After living with the album for about a month now (Jan. 17); I'd say this is a very adventurous piece of work! It is very good, but when it's bad . . . maybe trying for 3 albums was a bit too much to ask.

They have widened their musical horizons to musics from all over the world. From the opening funk of "The Magnificent Seven" to the quiet "Shepherds Delight" at the end of side 6, rhythm is the key. From Jamaican reggae, to calypso, American jazz and R&B, a song that sound like a Christmas carol ("Hitchville U.K."), and even a little pop! But alas!, no punk.

I wish people wouldn't say the Clash have sold out. You can only play so many variations on "White Riot." The Clash have never ripped you off — 3 albums for the U.S. price of about 11 dollars is the best deal around. Don't expect anything when you hear it. Pretty soon you'll be thinking, "Damn, they did it again!"**Jeff Webb

Magazine/Play (Virgin) — This is a live album, and finds Magazine with a different member — guitarist John McGeoch has left to join Siouxsie and The Banshees — ex-Ultravox guitarist Robin Simon.

Howard Devoto dominates this LP even more than Mag's studio offerings. His menacing voice and stance are filled with a melancholy, bleak energy that is hypnotic. The album contains no new songs, but the treatments aren't always identical. Most of them come off better live. It'll do until the boys get back in the studio.**David Arthur

The Units/Digital Stimulation (415)

Devo clones. Come off it, 1977 was a long time ago! What was cute then is boring now. No redeeming value, except that it ain't heavy metal or the Eagles. Thank God! But Devo is almost as bad now.**David Arthur

Talking Heads/Remain in Light

(Sire) — David Byrne and Brian Eno — names to conjure with. On one hand, the quintessence of intellectual rock, while on the other, esoteric rock demi-gods.

For three albums, Eno and Byrne have slowly taken Talking Heads into a direction virtually perpendicular to the rest of the New Wave scene. Lumped into the category simply because no other came close, they began to drift away from the power pop sound that seduced groups like Blondie and Cheap Trick. Instead, African rhythms and reggae sounds began to emerge.

Byrne has called *Remain in Light* his dance album. Uh-huh! Designed strictly for ankle and wobble dances, but somehow, it's infectious.

So you can't dance. Tough! The words are magnificent. The "mini-novel" in song is Byrne's forte — giving more in one song than is generally found in an entire concept album. Sit back with the lyric sheet and listen — see how the rhythmic qualities accentuate the vocals, contemplate the vision of the lyrics, investigate the philosophic themes. Listen to "Born Under Punches", "The Great Curve" and "Once in a Lifetime".

Imagine! Music that makes you think rather than dance! What will they think of next?**Scott Cupp

Peter Green/Little Dreamer (Sail)

If you bought last year's return LP *In The Skies* and once again enjoyed that ethereal blues style of Green that had been missing from the contemporary scene since he went into seclusion several years ago you'll like this one almost as much. To be sure, there aren't that many bluesmen who can play 'em like Green and he's exceptional on "Loser Two Times" and "Cryin' Won't Bring You Back". And he breathes new life into the old Booker T chestnut "Born Under A Bad Sign". As usual he's picked a fine back-up band to help flesh out the excellent material he's chosen for a perfect Winter album.**RY

Roy Buchanan/My Babe (Waterhouse)

It's always good to hear Roy Buchanan on any album. He's perhaps the finest blues-based American rock guitarist playing today and if you don't know that already just listen to "Blues For Gary". Together with another instrumental "My Sonata", which is an elegantly refined statement of beauty, they make this album worth the price. Roy's always had a fine band to back him. I wish he'd stick to instrumentals though because his lead vocalist lacks any true feeling on whatever he sings. Nice piece of work.**RY

Steve Forbert/Little Stevie Orbit

(Nemperor) — Steve Forbert's third LP marks his return to the electrified middle-period Dylan style of his first album which was sorely missed from his last effort. However, that gleam of hope he gave as a freebie with *Jack-rabbit Slim* (the 45 "The Oil Song") was a clear indication of his genius and that he should be given another chance. His musical talent and enthusiastic songwriting style make this LP a clear winner. Best cuts include: "Get Well Soon", "Lucky" (an instrumental) and "I'm An Automobile". A well-crafted album from one of America's true talents.

**Joseph Zaher



Any Trouble/Where Are All The Nice Girls? (Stiff) — Any Trouble is going to be a popular band with those who like Nick Lowe or the Elvis Costello of *My Aim Is True*. They've got just the right folk-rock-pop bright'n'bouncy formula that won't allow them much access to the radio playlists in America. Hopefully, though, some DJs will be smart enough to play such excellent cuts from *Nice Girls* like "Playing Bogart", "No Idea", "Second Choice" or the killer "Turning Up The Heat". With more bands as good as Any Trouble platinum acts like the Doobies will either make themselves valid again or fall away from the charts. **RY

Billy Joe Royal (Mercury) — Just the other day when I was listening to "Everything Turns Blue", I wondered just what Billy Joe Royal was up to. I thought a comeback would be too good to be true. Well, it is true but unfortunately, the album isn't good at all. In fact it's a most disappointing album for fans of "Cherry Hill Park", "Down In The Boondocks" and "I Knew You When." Gone are the strong accessible tunes sung in his powerful yet sincere voice. Sure, times have changed but he was distinctive 15 years ago so why can't he be so now? This album sounds more like polished MOR and hard rock from a novice than from an effective pop/rock stylist. The vocals start to shine on "Be A Fool With Me" and "Home and Homesick" but fail to generate much interest in these other bland and predictable songs. (D+) **Clyde Kimsey

Hawkwind/Levitation (Bronze) — Another LP, their second in six months. It's an excellent one too, filled with the familiar Hawkwind themes of space, time, the cosmos, and mental expansion. Now Lloyd Langston adds a dimension — lead guitar — and Dave Brock's songwriting is in fine shape. I still miss ex-lead singer Robert Calvert. Still, it's pretty good for a bunch of old hippies. **David Arthur

The Skids/The Absolute Game (Virgin) — This Scottish band is one of the best groups to emerge in the past few years. They have a sound that's strong, yet melodically compelling, full of hooks that break the surface and drive the music along. This is their best LP yet. It deals with the games inherent in human relationships and attitudes. The band credibly explores these ideas with vivid lyrical imagery. They also encase the "sound" of Scotland within their music. (Ok, I'm crazy, but it's true) My favorite so far of '81 — but there's a long way to go. **David Arthur

Stranglers/4 (IRS) — Despite the title, this is only the group's fourth American release, having two others in Europe not found here except as imports. Side one is comprised of songs from their latest European LP, *The Raven*. Presumably, these are the five best cuts off that album, and I'm glad they spared us the worst. Side two is assorted material also unreleased here.

On their latest U.S. tour, songs from this LP made up the bulk of their repertoire, and it came off well live. The record itself, unfortunately, isn't that exciting, although it does have its moments. There's nothing really different here to suggest that the Stranglers have done anything exceptional since '77. Since their first release their career has seemed anti-climatic. **Clint Falk

Motorhead/Ace of Spades (Mercury)

— Ha-ha. The last laugh is on you, S.A. I've been ranting about this band for years, and now they're going to make their conquest of America. And what an LP to do it with. Their first American release is their best since the legendary *Overkill* album. Joe Anthony must be rolling over in his pizza parlor now. Just wait 'til they play here . . . Their heavy metal makes Judas Priest look like Christopher Cross. **David Arthur

XTC/Black Sea (Virgin) — This is XTC's fourth album. Their demented pop approach is still very much in evidence — songs such as "Living Through Another Wha" and "Generals and Majors" are as compelling as they are satirical. There are no songs here that are bad — most are among the group's best. It's probably my favorite LP by them yet just because of Andy Partridge's demented voice. **David Arthur

Rock's World Revolution: the Roots/Gary U.S. Bonds and Others (Legend) — The early '60s is considered a dull period for rock'n'roll (though the mid-'70s comes close), although there were some bright spots for it — Dion and Sam Cooke, for instance.

That's when those great U.S. Bonds singles came out — featuring wild singing, Daddy G's honking sax, a bad bass drum, and a whole lot of spirit. Frank Guida was behind that booming sound, and has collected such Bonds hits as "Quarter to Three," "New Orleans" as well as Jimmy Soul's crazed "If You Wanna Be Happy" on *Rock's World Revolution*.

If the liner notes are self-serving, they are also mostly true; Guida plowed through some real innovations, but mostly he gave his productions a fantastic sense of fun. There are few oddities one could do without, but Lenis Guess' "Working For My Baby" is an ignored gem you've gotta hear.

This supposed letter Guida got from the Beatles in 1961 says it all: "Please send us advance copies of your records because they are the greatest in the world. We study and learn a great deal from all the U.S. Bonds records. The record stores in Liverpool don't stock them because they are too wild and revolutionary for English tastes."

(The disc is 6.98 plus 1.00 postage from LeGrand/Rockmasters, 317 Granby Mall, Norfolk, VA 23510) **J.J. Syrja

Joan Lewie/On The Other Hand

There's A Fist (Stiff) — Jona Lewie was one of those Stiff artists who came out after Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe and Ian Dury and who unfortunately got lost in the shuffle like Wreckless Eric. Lewie has some of the vocalese of Dury but with more of the goodtimeiness and less of the bathos. From the amazing kick-off number "(You'll Always Find Me In The) Kitchen At Parties", to the rollicking "My Baby She's On The Street", to the Lowe/Gomm-penned "God Bless Whoever Made You" (the best ELO tune in years) this LP is chock full of fine well-produced rock'n'roll songs. Back-up musicians include among others: Bob Andrews ex-of the Rumour, Norman Watt-Roy of the Blockheads, Steve Goulding and Martin Belmont of the Rumour. **RY

Dire Straits/Making Movies (Warners)

— I expected little more than a repeat of their last two albums. I was prepared to write them off, especially after losing rhythm guitarist Dave Knopfler. Boy, was I wrong! This is perhaps Dire Straits' most varied album to date and some of the best songwriting I've heard in the past year. Mark Knopfler still has the best Dylan inflections in the business in his singing, drummer Pick Withers displays some of the smartest drumming in anyone's band, bassist Isley fills out the bottom well, and Toy Bitton's (on a loan from E-Street) tinkling icy keyboards add just the right filigree to the new songs that are always punctuated by Mark's sweet stinging guitar. The new LP is one of my favorites of 1980. **RY

Carlene Carter/Musical Shapes

(Warner Bros.) — Carlene Carter has everything going for her: a burnt-honey voice and a playful sexiness that'll never take a back seat to Linda Ronstadt's, musical backing by various members of Rockpile, The Rumour, and a disbanded Clover, production by hubby Nick Lowe, and a talent for writing her own melodies and heartfelt words as well as (usually) choosing fine material by others (Parker, Costello) to record. Her newest and third album is her most commercial effort and the most fun. Nearly all the tracks are excellent: "Appalachian Eyes", which is better country music than what passes for it by so-called C&W artists, her exuberant duet with Dave Edmunds on "Baby Ride Easy", and the rockin' "Very First Kiss". So far it's my fave female vocalist LP of the year. **RY

The Angry Samoans/Inside My Brain (Bad Trip Records)

— Hatred. Psychosis. "You're a fucking asshole/Baby I'm one too". The Angry Samoans, a 2-year-old LA punk-rock band which features former rock critic "Metal" Mike Saunders on Silvertone guitar and *Creem* reviewer Gregg Turner on rhythm git, seem to be as out-dated in the line of punk as the Sex Pistols were after their U.S. album finally came out. Buzz saws in your brain and French fries up your ass is what they preach. Like the Stooges — NO FUN — is what the Samoans are all about. Having gone to UT with Metal Mike and having been the drummer in his Austin band (never had a name) I can tell you this band means it. Manson's house band. But who cares? **RY

Chelsea/No Escape (IRS) — The name Chelsea may sound familiar to punk rock fans, even if they can't recall ever hearing them. Chelsea was (is?) a seminal English punk rock band (circa '77) that didn't get distribution on a domestic label at the time. This LP seems to be a compilation of past material, probably from different periods and personnel line-ups (they had 3) judging by the sound of it.

So what's the music like? Punk, for sure and refined at times; certainly not the rawest. The lyrics are, predictably, social commentary and the vocals are usually angry, sometimes mindful of Black Oak's Jim Dandy, though. While I like them, I don't find them too exciting, although hard-core punk fans probably will. At the least, I appreciate IRS for making it possible to hear Chelsea. **Clint Falk

The Rejects (Closet Records) — EEG/Barbed Wire Baby/You haven't Done Your Share Until The Job Is Finished

Mike Escamilla — "Wind" (Closet Records) — God/Why?/I Don't Believe/Underwood's Gig/Loretta/Stacatto. Closet Records is Alamo Town's answer to England's Stiff Records. Like Stiff, they ain't perfect — but they ain't boring.

The Rejects are part of S.A.'s Strange Drain — another interesting musical group that decided to give up this town and move to Austin. (They're back. —Ed.) Too bad. This single almost falls into some kind of punk cliche trap but manages to save itself with some imaginative tricks.

What? I'm not giving away tricks for free. Buy your own Rejects records and hope they play live here sometime soon.

Mike Escamilla's, uh, record (?) is a different story. There aren't any tricks here and I might even be tempted to give the whole thing away.

I thought Escamilla might have some promise when I heard he and some friends set up uninvited and unannounced in North Star Mall over the Christmas holidays and proceeded to give a concert as the Central Catholic High School Avant Garde Stage Band before security guards invited them to leave.

The security guards shoulda escorted Escamilla away from the microphones before he recorded these six pieces of egotistical flotsam. **J.B.

Jumbo (Operator Records) — Don't Hold Back b/w Thunder Thighs. Jumbo is a technically competent heavy metal band whose talent doesn't seem to translate to vinyl. There's nothing new or exciting here and it's rather frustrating because their first single hinted at better things to come. Maybe next time. **J.B.

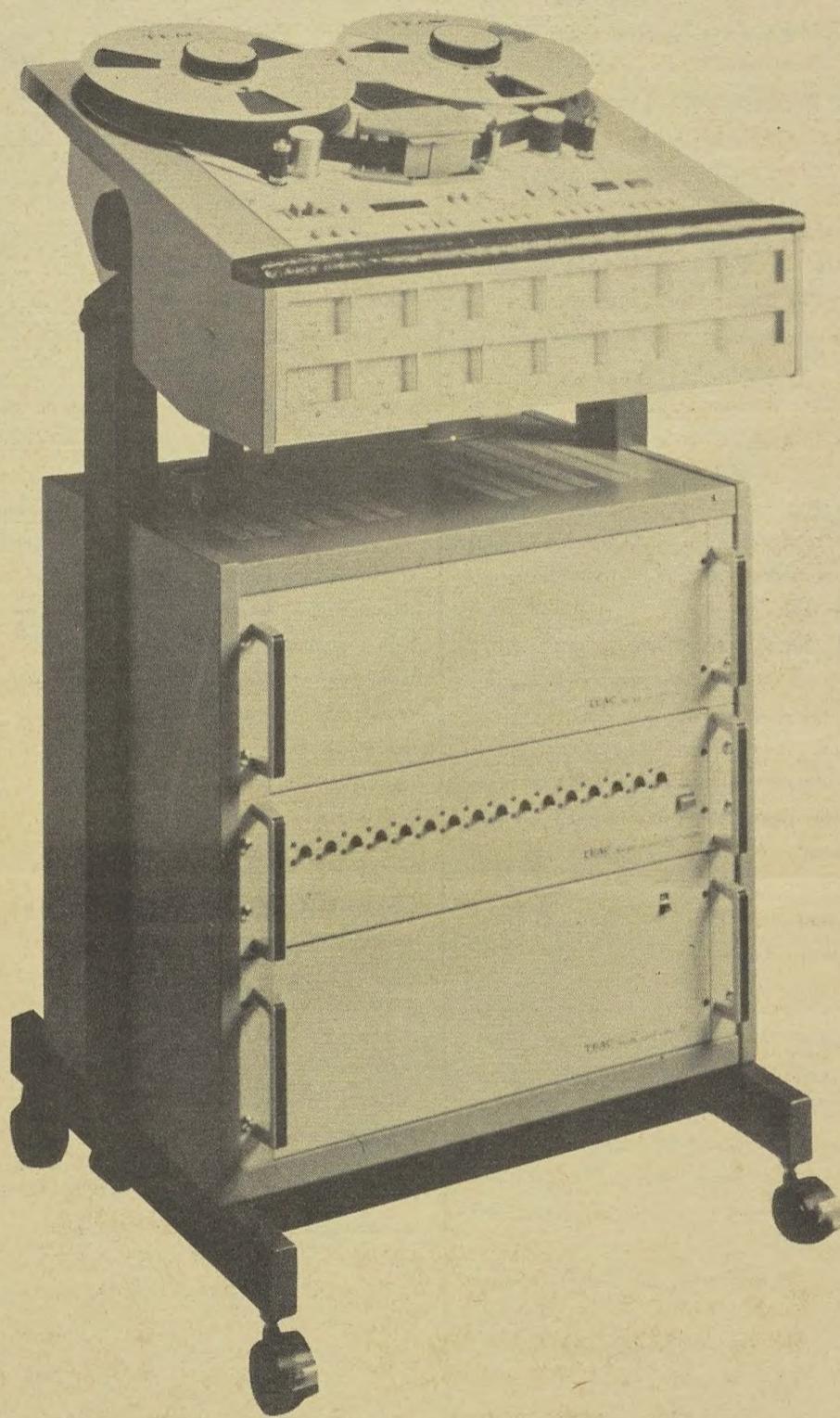
The Revival Brothers (Revival Productions) — When The Night Comes b/w Tooth 'n Nail. The Revival Brothers are a Blues/Bop outfit from New Braunfels, roaring outta Germantown with a slick, slick package of high energy. At first listen (both live and on this record) the Brothers sound like a ZZ Top copy. However, if you listen closer you realize you're hearing something more than imitation.

This music is just too good and raw and honest to be counterfeit. **Jim Beal

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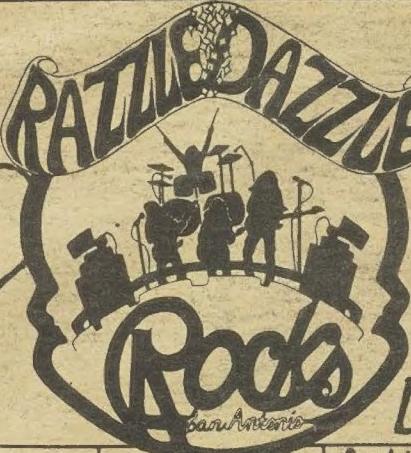
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